

Unspoken

Tumblr Prompts - II

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Unspoken by violinbythefire

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Summary:

"I thought you of all people would understand why I have to do this."

"I do understand. I simply disagree."

Unspoken

Richie had dreamed of leaving Derry before all the crazy bullshit happened. Then this nightmare inducing nonsense wrecked his life from the inside out. He didn't like to admit that he tensed when he heard an unfamiliar noise or when something moved out of his peripheral vision. He was so worried that it was coming back before its time. It took months before he walked around in a way that was close to normal. He was still utterly jealous of Bev who was able to leave this town behind her.

Derry used to be a boring backwards town. Now, it was a hive of unadulterated sin. Sure, Richie had his own parents who never spoke of love much less shown it. But now, he could see how the creepy pharmacist's eyes lingered on undeveloped girls. He could see burned out, uncaring teachers barely lifting a finger against bullies. And now, especially, he could see that while Eddie's mother never spoke an unkind word to him or laid a hand on him, she was destroying her child.

Eddie thought he was as fragile as glass or a middle schooler's self esteem. Going through what it forced them through should have proved to him that he was as strong as titanium. But Richie watches as Eddie grabs for the inhaler that he doesn't need to soothe himself through an 'asthma attack'. He was prone to trembling even more than usual. As Richie's symptoms lessen, Eddie became more erratic.

They needed to get out of there.

The other boys had to leave as well, but Eddie did more than everyone else. During the night, when Richie couldn't sleep, he thought about the day he would graduate high school. He and Eddie would get a bus ticket to the closest big city. Richie would smile as his parents screamed at each other in the living room because the idea of Eddie freaking out over 'city germs' humored him. They could get an apartment together and hang out all the time. He'd push Eddie out of his comfort zone and Eddie would bring him back from tumbling off the edge.

When Richie got older, he realized just how strange this little fantasy

was. He kept it to himself. He made his own plans to leave. He counted down the days until he could leave his miserable family home. He got a part time job working at one of the mom and pop general stores in the town to make his own money. He grew and so did Eddie.

Richie tried to rationalize his new plan to stay in Derry, at least for a bit. Eddie was more than likely going to stay. Richie didn't understand why Eddie would stay with his bitch mother. Richie couldn't wait to leave his. But Eddie was close with the woman. He was all the woman had. Eddie wasn't heartless. He wouldn't leave her. So maybe Richie would stick around for a bit to keep an eye on Eddie. Who else was going to keep him in line?

The party after high school graduation was rocking. It was the nineties and everyone was wearing ripped jeans and white keds. They were all drinking at someone's house. Richie would have to remember where exactly he was. He was drinking his fourth beer when Eddie came up to him.

"You know, as the son of an alcoholic, you're way more likely to be one," Eddie said as he drank out of his own red solo cup. The liquid in his cup was clear, but it wasn't vodka. Eddie didn't drink.

"Sweet. Mom makes it look fun," Richie smirked as he took another sip of his beer. A spouse to support the household and getting to be wasted all day? Sounds like a great deal until you pass out in your own vomit.

Eddie raised his eyebrow and moved to lean against the wall next to Richie. The two young men stared out at the party, watching as their friends and other people they didn't hate dance with each other. They took in the comfortable silence.

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

Richie would have done a spit take if he had notice of such a statement. Instead, he nearly choked on the beer in his throat. He coughed, moving his chest forward as he struggled to regain breath. "What?" He managed to get out as he proceeded to hit himself in the chest to get the beer back down.

“Are you okay, man?” Eddie asked, his eyes widening with concern. Richie brushed off his worry and pulled back when Eddie placed his hand on his back.

“Where are you going?” Richie questioned immediately.

“New York...” Eddie answered, lowering his hand. He still looked at Richie as though he was about to start coughing again.

“New York. The fuck’s in New York?” Richie demanded to know. He saw Eddie flinch and he realized how angry he sounded. He sighed and set his cup down on the table, “I just mean...you’ve never said anything about leaving Derry.”

“I can’t stay here,” Eddie whispered, his eyes now moving to his shoes. He didn’t need to say anymore. Could Richie blame him?

“But...why now? Why so suddenly? Does anyone else know?” Richie fired off his questions, wondering if Stan or Bill or Mike knew. It was hard enough when Ben and Bev left. The Losers’ Club was dwindling.

“I’m making rounds. You were the first person I wanted to tell,” Eddie said, looking back up to Richie.

Was that supposed to make him feel something? Richie didn’t feel anything except the need to run away.

“I thought you of all people would understand why I have to do this,” Eddie stated after a few moments of silence.

“I do understand. I simply disagree,” Richie replied. He turned away from Eddie, unwilling to admit that he wanted to ask a question.

‘Can I come with you? Please?’

“We can’t stay here forever. I can’t deal with...knowing this is where it is,” Eddie pleaded his case as though he was searching for approval. He was a man now, Richie thought to himself. Why was he looking for Richie’s validation?

Richie became stiff as he prepared to contradict himself. “Preaching to the choir. I’m leaving myself,” Richie said, the alcohol making his

words sloppy and free. He almost wanted to slap himself when he said that.

Eddie looked at him with a flash of surprise and then a spark of disappointment (Richie must have hallucinated that). He smiled at Richie, but he didn't look like he wanted to smile. "Where to?"

"Beverly Hills," Richie answered and he almost wanted to hit himself. It had been one of the places that he fantasized about. The sun would be good for Eddie. Every place he picked was chosen with Eddie's well-being in mind.

"That's great," Eddie told him with a grin. It really looked like he forced it this time. What the hell was his problem? "Make sure you wear sunscreen. Do you know what the chances of getting skin cancer with your complexion are?"

"I'm sure you're going to tell me," Richie said as he picked up his cup of beer again. He listened passively as Eddie went on a tangent.

He wanted so terribly to take back what he said. He wanted to talk to Eddie about New York. Maybe he could go with him. Just to see what it's like. Maybe they could get a place together.

Richie couldn't say it though. Because he knew what the implications were. He didn't want to admit it. He didn't want to risk it.

If It were to physically manifest before him, Richie knew what form It would take. He didn't want to see It corrupt Eddie by taking his form. He didn't want to see It as Eddie with his perfect white teeth and his perfect coiffed hair. He didn't want to see It as Eddie laugh and him and tell him things like 'no' and 'never' and 'I don't want you. Who could want you?'

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!